

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, their faces nearly touching. They are outdoors in the rain, with water droplets visible in the air and on their hair. The man has light brown hair and a beard, while the woman has reddish-brown hair. The scene is intimate and emotional, with soft lighting highlighting their profiles. The text 'A TALE OF LOTUS' is overlaid in a bold, pink, sans-serif font, centered over the couple's faces.

A TALE OF LOTUS

Description

A Tale of Lotus is a heart-wrenching, emotional rollercoaster that explores the complexities of love, regret, and self-discovery. It is a story of two souls who found each other in the most unexpected way, only to lose themselves in the process. The protagonist, a self-proclaimed non-committal flirt, meets a girl with a captivating smile mark on her cheek, long flowing hair, and a shy demeanor that hides a world of pain and resilience. Their journey is one of laughter, tears, misunderstandings, and an unspoken love that neither of them could fully grasp until it was too late.

This book is not just a story; it is an experience. It will make you laugh, cry, and question the very nature of love and relationships. With its raw emotions, relatable characters, and poetic prose, *A Tale of Lotus* is a book that will stay with you long after you've turned the last page.

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Tale of Lotus

By Deepjyoti

Prologue: The Smile That Lingered

Her smile was the kind that stayed with you long after she was gone. It wasn't just the curve of her lips or the way her eyes crinkled at the corners it was the tiny dimples that appeared on her cheeks, like little secrets only she knew. The first time I saw her, she had short hair, cropped just above her shoulders, giving her a playful, carefree look. But as time passed, her hair grew, cascading down her back in waves, each strand seeming to carry a story of its own.

She was the kind of girl who could make a sari look like it was woven just for her. The fabric would drape around her effortlessly, the colors blending with her aura, making her look like a goddess who had stepped out of a myth. And yet, when she wore a crop top and jeans, she transformed into a modern-day muse, confident and carefree, her smile marks deepening as she laughed.

But this story isn't just about her beauty. It's about the way she made me feel, the way she changed me, and the way I lost her.

Chapter 1: The Instagram Girl

It was a lazy morning. I had just woken up, my phone in hand, scrolling mindlessly through Instagram. That's when I saw her a girl with a private account, her profile picture a blur of colors and light, but her smile... her smile was unmistakable. It was the kind of smile that made you stop and stare, even if just for a moment.

I wasn't the type to fall in love. I was the guy who flirted, had fun, and moved on. But something about her made me hit that follow button. To my surprise, she followed me back.

Days turned into weeks, and our conversations were sporadic. I'd reply to her stories, she'd react, and that would be it. But one night, drunk and reckless, I texted her again. This time, we talked for three hours straight, communicating mostly through memes. It was effortless, natural, and for the first time, I felt a connection that wasn't just surface-level.

I told her the truth about myself that I wasn't the kind of guy who believed in love or commitment. She seemed relieved, confessing that she had just gone through a breakup and wasn't looking for anything serious either. We agreed to be friends, nothing more.

Little did I know, that decision would change everything

Chapter 2: Memes and Midnight Conversation

Our friendship grew through WhatsApp. We shared memes, talked about our days, and laughed at the most random things. She was shy, refusing to send pictures or do video calls. But after four months, she finally gathered the courage to face the camera.

The first video call was a mix of awkwardness and laughter. Her smile marks deepened as she giggled, and for a moment, I forgot about my own rules. But then, as always, my mood swung, and we ended up in a fight.

We didn't talk for a week. It wasn't painful, just... strange. And then, for the first time, I called her. I didn't know why. I just knew I needed to hear her voice.

Chapter 3: The First Video Call

Her face appeared on the screen, and my breath caught in my throat. She was beautiful in a way that words couldn't describe. Her long hair framed her face perfectly, and her smile marks seemed to glow under the soft light of her room.

We talked for hours, laughing and sharing stories. But then, something shifted. I don't know if it was the way she looked at me or the way her voice softened when she spoke, but I felt something I hadn't felt in a long time vulnerability.

Chapter 4: Fights and Forgiveness

Our fights were never about big things. They were about the little things misunderstood texts, delayed replies, or a tone that felt off. But every fight felt like a storm, tearing through the fragile bond we had built. I remember one fight in particular. It started over something trivial a meme I had sent that she didn't find funny. But it escalated quickly, words flying like arrows, each one hitting harder than the last.

"You don't understand me," she said, her voice trembling.

"Maybe I don't," I replied, my tone colder than I intended.

We didn't talk for a week. It wasn't the first time, and I told myself it wouldn't be the last. But this time felt different. This time, the silence felt heavier, like a weight pressing down on my chest. I kept checking my phone, hoping for a message, a call, anything. But there was nothing.

And then, one day, I broke. I called her, my voice shaky, my pride nowhere to be found. "Let's talk," I said, and she agreed. We talked for hours, apologizing, laughing. It was the first time I realized how much she meant to me. But it was also the first time I realized how fragile we were.

Chapter 5: The Long Wait to Meet

We had planned to meet after three months. She was moving to my city for her studies, and I couldn't wait to see her in person. But life had other plans. Her move got delayed, and three months turned into six, then nine, and finally, two years.

Those two years were a mix of excitement and frustration. We talked every day, sharing our lives through screens and texts. But it wasn't the same. I wanted to see her smile in person, to hear her laugh without the distortion of a phone call. I wanted to know if her hair smelled as good as I imagined, if her hands were as soft as they looked.

But the wait was agonizing. There were moments when I doubted if we would ever meet. There were moments when I wondered if she felt the same way I did. But every time I asked, she would reassure me, her voice soft and steady. "We'll meet soon," she would say. And I believed her.

Chapter 6: The Day We Met

The day we finally met was surreal. I remember standing at the station, my heart pounding in my chest and my hands sweating. I had no idea where to go, and then she appeared to pick me up. She was even more beautiful in person, her smile deepening as she laughed. She was wearing a simple crop top and had short hair. We stayed in a homestay, and everything felt like a dream..

We spent the day talking, laughing, and just... being. It was perfect. But there was also an undercurrent of tension, a fear of saying or doing something wrong. I wanted to hold her hand, to pull her into a hug, but I didn't. I was scared scared of ruining what we had, scared of crossing a line I couldn't uncross.

As the days passed, we met many more times, and each time felt like a little piece of something magical. We talked for hours, shared stories, and slowly began to understand each other. But despite the growing connection, there was always a lingering hesitation. Each time I wanted to get closer, to show her how much I cared, I held back. It was as if I was afraid to break the fragile bubble we had created.

When we said goodbye after each of those encounters, I always felt a pang of regret. I should have hugged her more often, should have let her know how much she meant to me.

But I didn't. And that regret stayed with me, a constant reminder of what I had lost before I even had it.

Chapter 7: The Mistake That Shattered Us

The mistake happened on a drunken night. My ex texted me, and I replied. We talked, and I asked for something I shouldn't have something intimate, something stupid. I didn't think it would matter. After all, we were just friends, right?

But it did matter. She found out, and the look on her face shattered me. She cried, her tears falling silently, and I felt like the worst person in the world. "I just asked you not to lie to me," she said, her voice breaking. "Everyone lies to me, and every time they do, I regret the things I've allowed myself to believe."

I tried to explain, to apologize, but my words felt hollow. "We're just friends," I said, repeating the line I had used so many times before. But this time, it felt like a lie. it felt like a lie.

Chapter 8: The Pain of Letting Go

She didn't leave. Despite everything, she stayed with me. I slowly came to realize that she loved me. But there was a problem our futures seemed impossible. We came from different cultural backgrounds, and I knew it would be hard for us to have a life together. So, I did the only thing I thought I could do: I tried to ignore her.

For three months, I avoided her calls, ignored her texts. She reached out, wanting to meet, but I resisted because I could feel myself falling for her, and I didn't know if I could handle the pain of loving someone I might never have a future with.

One day, she called again, but this time, she didn't want to talk. She told me she was moving on. She didn't want to keep hurting, and she didn't want to drag me into it anymore. I was relieved. I was happy for her. She didn't have to suffer anymore. Maybe she was right to move on, even if it crushed me to admit it.

But then she blocked me. For an entire week, I couldn't see her pictures, couldn't get through to her at all. I panicked. I wasn't ready to let go. I tried to call from different numbers, but she blocked me on all fronts. The frustration ate at me, and my mind raced. I was into hacking, and in my desperation, I did everything I could to find a way back into her life. I hacked into her account, but when I finally reached her, I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I just watched her profile, helpless.

And then, out of nowhere, she called me.

"Check the text," she said. I had no idea what she meant, but when I looked, I saw her message. "I have a boyfriend now," she said. "Please don't text me again."

Those words broke me. I threw my phone across the room, the screen shattering as it hit the wall. I cried until my throat was raw, until I had no tears left. And then I stopped talking, stopped living

Chapter 9: The Unlikely Reunion

Months later, we reconnected. It was unexpected, unplanned. A mutual friend had texted her, asking about me, and she reached out. We talked, and for the first time, I cried in front of someone.

"I've changed," I said, my voice trembling. "I'm not the same person I was."

She believed me, and we met again. But things were different. There was a distance between us, a wall that neither of us could break.

Chapter 10: Love in Different Castes

We tried to make it work, but the world had other plans. Our different castes were a barrier we couldn't overcome. We both knew it. It was something we couldn't change, no matter how much we loved each other..

Chapter 11: The Final Goodbye

The final goodbye was the hardest. She came with me to the station, and as I left, I could see the tears in her eyes, though she tried to hold them back. I was about to cry too, but I controlled myself. Our hands brushed, but they never held.

"I'll always love you," she said, her voice trembling as the tears fell silently.

"I'll always love you too," I replied, my voice breaking.

We knew that after this, it would be over. We had decided we would block each other when I reached home our last conversation would be the final one. She would block me, I would block her, and that would be the end of it.

After I arrived home, we video-called, and we cried for a long time. It felt like everything was slipping away, but we both knew it had to be done. The pain, the love, the distance... it was too much to handle. And then, we stopped. We both agreed to move on. But in that moment, all I could think of was how empty everything felt without her

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Chapter 12: What Could Have Been

Sometimes, I wonder what would have happened if we were of the same caste. Would we have married? Would we have been happy? Or would we have broken up, our love fading over time?

I like to think we would have made it. I like to think we would have built a life together, filled with laughter and love. But the truth is, I'll never know. And that uncertainty is the hardest part.

Epilogue: The Lotus That Never Faded

She was my lotus beautiful, pure, and forever out of reach. Even now, years later, I look at her pictures and feel a pang of regret. I want to call her, to hear her voice one more time, but I don't. I let her move on, even if I can't.

Because that's what love is, isn't it? Letting go, even when it hurts.